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before this as they are put wrong*

**Vol. 34, No. 8.---Price Two Pence.**

**COBBETTS WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.**

[17]

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1818.

[218]

TO HENRY HUNT, ESQ.

**LETTER VIII.**

*On the Puff-out of Paper-Money.*

*North Hempstead, Long Island,  
28th July, 1818.*

MY DEAR HUNT,

IN my last Letter I mentioned to you the **PUFF-OUT** of the Paper-Money. I had pretty fully handled the matter in three preceding Registers; but, I have not yet so fully and clearly explained myself upon the subject, as I mean to endeavour to do in the present Letter.

My first position is this: That, at any time, within a few months of his undertaking the matter, any engraver, who can imitate a bank-note, may, with the expending of a few pounds on paper, *puff-out* the Bank-Bubble. My second position is, that a puff-out of the Bank-Bubble would puff-out the Borough-system. And my third position is, that the thing is likely to be done. If I make out these positions, it will, I think, be time for the Borough-tyrants and the fools of the funds to begin to calculate as to what is to become of them.

As to the first of these positions, it is proved, beyond all dispute, that the borough-bank, commonly called the Bank of England, can never pay in gold without destroying the borough-tyranny. That this is clearly proved in my Letter to Mr. TIERNEY. It had been proved upon a hundred former occasions; but, it is proved in that Letter. Thus, then, the thing is fixed. That debased paper, issued under a bill of indemnity, is to last as long as it can.

It is very evident, that, if a sign of value can be imitated, or, by any means, greatly added to, at the arbitrary will of individuals, the whole mass of it can be rendered useless. If it were possible for any man to imitate and put into circulation a vast quantity of *coin*, when coin is the money of a country, even that would produce great confusion; for, though every counterfeit guinea might be of the same intrinsic value as a real guinea, the addition to the quantity of coin would, in effect, produce a reduction of prices and a violation of exist-

Printed by W. MOLLATHUS, B, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane,  
for W. JACKSON, 34, Wardour Street, Soho.

ing pecuniary contracts. But, if guineas could be imitated so perfectly in base metal, as that nobody could distinguish them from the true coin, except certain inspectors at one place, and if they could be flung about, or distributed, in large quantities, no guineas would long pass, after such distribution should take place.

The same consequences *must* attend a similar imitation and distribution of a paper-money. If, for instance, we could *all* make paper-money at our pleasure, we should many of us make it certainly; but, it could not pass for a quarter of an hour. It would represent nothing of value; and, therefore, nothing of value should we give for it to each other. All who hold bank-notes, *except the makers of them*, have, before they get them, *given something for them*. One has given a horse, another a pair of shoes, another some sugar, another some labour, another the use of his house, or his land. But, if there were a large parcel of bank-notes put out, for which *nobody had ever given any thing*, the putters-out of these notes would be in a situation equal in point of power to the Bank-people; and the two powers would instantly destroy each other.

When real money is the currency of a country, there is a reliance on the

money itself. It has a value of its own. A guinea is worth, *of itself*, forty-five or forty-six pots of porter. If something happened to make it not pass as coin; it is worth its twenty-one shillings as *an article of merchandize*. Therefore, here is *safety*. When a man has a guinea, or a shilling, he has something of real value, and which value no convulsion, or change in government, can lessen. It is clean the contrary, in all respects, with a bank note. Here is *no reliance* on the thing itself. It has no value of its own. It is, of itself, not equal in value to a straw, with which you may, at any rate, pick your teeth. A bank note is not sufficient to light a pipe, and I know of no other use that it can be put to. If any thing happened to make it not pass as money, as the representative of value, it is worth nothing as an article of merchandize; you can neither sell it nor barter it. Therefore, here is *no safety*: any convulsion, or any change in the government, wholly destroys the thing, for which, the day before, you could have got bread, beer, and all sorts of valuable things.

Every man is well aware of this complete intrinsic worthlessness of bank-notes; but, he uses them. He takes and pays them; and he takes



them because he knows he *can pay* them. Let him once know, or fear, that he shall not be able to *pay* them; and he will, of course, not *take* them. This fear would be inspired by very, very frequent forgeries. If it happened, that one note out of two hundred was stopped in the hands of people who had taken them, it would make them cautious, and begin to give a preference to gold, which would soon lead to two prices. But, if a whole parcel of counterfeit notes were poured forth into circulation at once, all men would refuse to take bank-notes; and the deputy sovereigns of Threadneedle Street might shut up their shops.

So large a quantity is not to be poured forth by means of utterance in *exchange for things of value*. This large quantity must be *given away*. They must be put into possession of those who have given nothing for them, and who will send them into circulation. And, it is this act of putting notes forth in this manner of which I am now about to speak.

The first thing towards the performance of this act is, the *power of imitating* the Bank Notes. This power exists in hundreds of hundreds of hundreds of hands, which have, also, at command, the paper and the ink.

Here is no genius, no exquisite workmanship, required. It is an ordinary engraver who can do the business; a business which any boy of common capacity can learn in six months. If a man, disposed to do this thing, be not an engraver, he very soon may be, quite sufficient for a thing of this kind. In the imitation, therefore, there is no difficulty.

As to the *place* of imitation, it may be any where almost. In any house; and, without any suspicion. No *hurry* in the imitation, or in any part of the business. The whole may be done deliberately; and, if need were, by one man, without any assistance of any body.

When a sufficient quantity of the notes is ready, the maker or contriver, has prepared as many post letter cases as he chooses; and, the day being arrived, he sends off a packet in each. These would go, probably, to tradesmen and others, who are in the way of taking notes daily; and, who would, of course, pass the notes thus conveyed to them. But, the great and efficient out-let would be the *streets of the metropolis*. During a night of November, or of any month from November to May, the whole of London and its neighbourhood might be amply supplied. One man would

take the Tower way, another Spital Fields, another St. Giles's, and so on. At the same time a man might be scattering at Portsmouth, another at Plymouth, another at Bristol, another at Manchester; and so on: though, as to these country places, there might, perhaps, be no necessity for it.

This speedy distribution would, indeed, require many hands, and a pretty extensive communication of the secret, and would be liable to a *possibility* of treachery. But, are there no dozen men in London who could trust each other? Young Watson's retreat was known to scores; and nobody betrayed him, though the reward would have been a large fortune to any of those (or the greater part of them) who were in possession of the secret. Besides, the secret need not be communicated until the very day of distribution, if the operations be confined to London and its neighbourhood; for, it is only in the *distribution* that aid is wanted. And, observe, that if the thing succeeded; there would be no danger of any body becoming evidence against the rest, for there would be nobody inclined and having the power to punish. There could be no danger of detection in the act of distribution. It will be performed *in the dark*;

under the cover of night. Indeed, very safely all along the evening, from seven o'clock; and, for that very night, many and many a supper might be bestowed, and many a hungry belly filled.

The droppers would take care to drop in places where destruction from feet of men or of horses could not be likely to happen, and in white paper wrappers, or some little things to catch the eye. Into alleys and long populous streets of the smaller size, the greater part of the parcels would probably be thrown. In the morning the far greater part of the notes would be found; and, before noon, one half of them would be expended. Those who found, would know, that the notes had been put in their way expressly; and, if they had a heart-felt affection for the Boroughmen, they would not lay the notes out. But, as some of them at least, would have no such affection, they would expend the notes, in spite of all that the newspapers should have said against such an act. Those notes that were not immediately expended, would remain to be expended. Two or three thousand one and two pound notes, laid out in one day; only that trifling sum would make a stir! What, then,



would two hundred thousand do in a week? Probably a great proportion of small notes would be made; but, *some* of all amounts up to a hundred pounds would be necessary *to give a shake to the whole*.

To avoid the glaring appearance of new notes in the hands of labouring people, any proportion of the quantity might be *smoked*, or otherwise made to appear old. But, indeed, whoever should undertake this thing would stand in need of no counsel as to any thing calculated to insure its success.

In about a day, many of the notes would reach the Bank; and, besides, rumours would fly about, *that many parcels of notes had been found*. This would be pretty nearly enough. A general panic would prevail. In 48 hours not a note would pass. The mails would carry the news to the land's end. A dread, such as never was before heard of, would spread over the country like lightning.

A bank-note rests solely upon *opinion*. Not an opinion, *that the Bank has gold to pay off the notes*; but an opinion, that the *taker* can *pay the note away*. This opinion now amounts to nearly a certainty; but, if the contrary opinion prevailed, it is clear, that the notes would be taken by nobody; and the paper-money would be *puffed out*.

My second position is, that this puff-out would puff out the borough-system. We are so accustomed to talk of this man's and that man's; it is so familiar in our mouths, and so frequently in every hand; we manage it, when we have it, so easily, and we

talk of it all day long so much in detail; we give so many opinions about its being, as to morals, a good or an evil, and we so often consider it, and, indeed, so invariably consider it, as a species of possession of individuals: this is, from the habits of our lives, so entirely our view of money, that we can hardly bring our minds to contemplate it in its vast *national capacity*. But, if we will, but for one moment, abstract our minds from the till and counter, and look at money as one of the great links in the chain of civil society, we shall instantly perceive what consequences must follow immediately upon its being, only for a day, suspended in its functions. Houses and lands may be all sequestrated; leases and other contracts may all be broken; law may be done away; and yet, with money, total confusion may be avoided. But, money, next to the very air we breathe, is necessary to our existence in civil society; for, without its aid, there can be no market, no eating or drinking without acts of violence. Without money, there can be no *property*. Things of value are made of value only by the use of money; and, if money stop, all stops. Men come back to a state of nature; and they must settle their association anew.

If, therefore, the wise and honest Committees of the two Houses, had put the transactions of the *Bank-Directors* into their Green Bag, instead of the proceedings of the *Spencean Philanthropists*, they would have acted a wiser and an honest part than they did; for, in those transactions they would have seen their danger; there,

indeed, they would have found plans for a division of the land !

I am not to suppose, that neighbours will not *barter* with each other, or *lend* to each other, especially in the country. But, who is to give food to the millions that live from hand to mouth? What butcher, what baker, what coal-seller, will give them food, or fuel, if it be only for a single day? And, who is to feed the soldier? Will he wait, and dine for a week on the paragraphs of STEWART and of WALTER? You and thousands of others will share your last loaf with your poorer neighbours; but, your last loaf will soon come. Will the corn lie in the barns, the flour in the mills, and will the sheep and oxen continue to graze quietly 'till real money can get about, though millions die starved to death in the meanwhile? Will the poor in the country resort to the bark of trees which bishop Watson pointed out as food in the times of scarcity;) and will those in London eat the fat mud, or (as Mr. CURWEN hints, that the poor may) find excellent food in the oats dropping from the tails of cavalry horses? Oh! no, no, no! The hungry will become their own millers, bakers, and butchers, all over the country; aye, and their own brewers, and victuallers, and vintners too. In London the scenes will be most appalling. There the food will not be to be found, unless great wisdom and firmness be found in a directing head. In short, in a hundred hours, from the time of dropping a large supply of notes, all would be *chaos*.

Now, in a state of things like this, what could the Boroughmongers do? It is clear that they can do nothing; that they would have no power to do any thing; that they must let things take their course; that they must leave the people to do just what they pleased. What they would please to do is more than I, or any man living, can guess; but, that they would please to have a boroughmonger parliament is not very likely.

My third position is, that this puff-out is *likely* to take place. This is *my opinion*, mind; for, I know no one who entertains the intention; and, as to doing the thing myself, I certainly shall not, though I might do it with a very little trouble; for, in the first place, it might be considered, morally at least, an act of *resistance* to the powers that be; and, as I am not upon the spot, I will not give it as my opinion that *resistance* is lawful; because *it is possible, that oppression does not now exist*. And, if I were satisfied upon this head, I should, by possibility, endanger persons, with whom I should not run a common risk. *I will, therefore not do the thing*. And this I say for the purpose of removing all expectation that I may do it. I do not say this for fear of any legal consequences; for, I might safely, in any coffee-house in London, say that I intended to do it; or, I might, without danger to myself, *advise others to do it*. It is no *treason* to counterfeit Bank-notes. It is, as the law stands, felony; but it is no crime for a man to say, that he means to commit a felony.

However, myself, but content I think because, Borough to soothe the dungeon hanging made and the people the people been "COURIER these and the are so many me be strong of the B good this must now never w system a can be k Engra ones too of spirit Their ve read and and they effect. the obst besides an engra much, is accomplude, th leaving political who co perpec



However, I shall neither do the thing myself, nor advise others to do it; but content myself with saying, that I think it likely it will be done.

I think the thing is *likely to be done*, because, in spite of all that the Boroughmongers have done, of late, to soothe the people; in spite of their dungeon bills and gagging bills and hanging bills, which they said they made and executed *for the good of the people*, and even at the *desire of the people*; in spite of their having been "*cruel only to be kind*," as the COURIER assures us; in spite of all these and a thousand other kind acts, there are some men, and even a good many men in England, who appear to be strongly persuaded, that to get rid of the Borough system would be a *good thing*; and, I think, that they must now be convinced, that they will never will get rid of the borough system as long as the paper-system can be kept afloat.

Engravers are abundant, and able ones too. Artists are *generally* men of spirit as well as men of sense. Their very profession leads them to *read and to think*. They have talent; and they know how to use it with effect. The temptation is strong; and the obstacles few and feeble. But, besides this, any man can soon become an engraver. Some exertion, and not much, is wanted. The object to be accomplished is one of such magnitude, that it enchants by its grandeur, leaving out of view the moral and political feelings of the individual who contemplates it. To see, in perspective, Bank-Directors, Borough-

mongers, Pensioned Lords and Pensioned Ladies, and a great, great deal besides, all lying prostrate at a mere touch of his graving tool, is enough to set an ambitious man to work; and, especially if he, or any of his near relations or friends, have suffered under what the COURIER says was inflicted on them out of pure *kindness*.

Perhaps there never was, in the world, at any one time, so much *public-spirit*, as exists in England, Scotland and Ireland at this moment: real, sterling, ardent and disinterested desire to do good to the country. This spirit is, too, accompanied with *talent*, such as never was witnessed before. Every man already clearly understands the grounds of his desires and his actions; and scorns to be a *partizan*. Every man is able to give a sound and satisfactory reason for all that he does, or that he expresses his wishes to be able to do. Add to this a general, a thorough and unchangeable *contempt*, in the minds of the people, for the Borough-tyrants, of whose ignorance they have seen as much as they have of their wickedness. And, bear in mind, that man submits with patience to those indignities from acknowledged greatness of character, which he bears with incessant uneasiness when they come from the grovelling and the foolish. It was the *kick of the ass* that most mortified the dying lion, and roused him to, at least, a wish to be able once more to use his teeth and claws.

There is no man, who can be happy (unless his heart be made of stone) amidst the misery that surrounds him in England. Turn his eyes which way

he will, be ~~seen~~ more than enough every day, to make his day and night painful to him. He naturally asks himself, is this *never to have an end*? Is this sight of human woe to afflict me as long as I live? Am I to abandon my country, or, am I always to behold these miserable and heart-rending objects? Must I become a stranger in a foreign land, leaving parents, relations, kind and good friends, all behind me; or must I live and die in this state of human degradation? Is there no way; can no one do any thing; can I myself do nothing, to rescue myself and my country from this desolating course? There is, too, something so horrible in the idea, that the nation, merely as a nation, is *always* to remain in its present degraded state. The people of England are proud, and justly proud, of their country. It is a famous country; a wonderful country; it was a cradle of liberty, and has produced more men to stand nobly forward in the cause of liberty, than all the nations of the world. England, famed for her laws; for the protection which those laws gave to foreigners as well as natives; famed for her magnanimity towards fallen enemies, now stands marked with dungeon-bills, gagging bills, alien bills, with the perpetual imprisonment of Napoleon, and with the blood of Marshal Ney. It is impossible to think of these things, without feeling a burning desire, to see the character of the nation vindicated; to see it proved to the world that the English people abhor these

deeds; and, to imprint the disgrace on the heads of its real authors. And, when men see, as all men now must, that this desire can never be gratified till the paper-money be destroyed, will it not be wonderful if one man among so many millions be not found willing and able to do the deed?

Self-preservation is always, and always must be, a strong motive with all mankind. It is a motive implanted in our breasts by nature herself. The present system has placed every soul in jeopardy, not only as to property, but also as to liberty and life. What do I care for the repeal of the *dungeon bill*. It may be passed again tomorrow, and followed by another indemnity bill. No man can say, or think that he is safe for a year. Compelled to talk in whispers; to utter every word with caution; to creep to his insolent master; how can life be worth his possessing? He must desire to see an end put to this state of things. *Properly!* No man can say that he has any. If it be real, or personal, it is pledged by the Boroughmen to pay the interest of their Debt, which can never be extinguished or lessened. The labour, the very sweat, of every man, is pawned by these tyrants to pay the expences of their wars against freedom at home and abroad. What a thought is this! For a man of twenty to think that more than the half of what he shall earn, during his whole life time, is *pawned*, and the value of it *spent and gone*! And, that, if the paper-money last, the pawn must be made good! This is the condition, in

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which every young man in England and Scotland and Ireland is placed. The Boroughmongers, without any consent on the part of the people, have borrowed money; they have contracted an enormous Debt, in order to carry on war against the people of France; in order to hire Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, Dutch, Flemish, Switzers, Hessians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers to kill people who were endeavouring to be free; in order to bribe the perfidious part of the French themselves to conspire against their own country and betray it; in order to feed, clothe, and lodge the vile and tyrannical and cruel French noblesse and clergy who escaped from France, and to keep them in readiness to set on, like blood-hounds, upon the French people again; in order to restore the Bourbons, who had, even by the Boroughmongers themselves, always been held up to us as the worst of villains and of tyrants; in order to restore the Pope, who, our Parsons had always told us, was Anti-Christ; but, above all things, and as the great end of all, in order to prevent a Reform in England, because such Reform would have put a stop to the public robberies committed by the Boroughmongers, their relations and dependents. In order to do these things, the Boroughmongers have contracted an enormous debt. A debt far exceeding the value of all the Houses, all the Lands, all the Mines, and all the Canals in the kingdom. The interest of this Debt ought to be paid by themselves; but they make the people pay it, who never gave their con-

sent to the contracting of any part of it, to enslave those for whom it was contracted, and a part of it for the purpose of having German troops to come into England itself to keep the people down and to stand over Englishmen and compel them to submit to being flogged. This is the Debt, the interest of which they make us pay. They themselves have a great part of the borrowed money now. They have pocketted in pensions and sinecures, given to themselves by themselves, a very large part of what they borrowed. They have bought up peoples' land, and houses with it, and the former owners are become poor people, having had their property taken away piece-meal by the taxes. In this work of general plunder, the Boroughmongers have been assisted by Paper-money men and Loan-Jobbers, who have shared in the spoils of the nation.

This is, in a short view, the state of the case; and, it is to pay the interest of *this Debt*, a Debt, an enormous Debt, an irredeemable Debt, contracted for these vile and impious purposes; it is to pay the interest of *this Debt*, that one half, and more, of the fruit of the labour of every man in the kingdom is, for ever, to be taken away! The child in the cradle is to suffer just in the same way that his father suffers. The child unborn is to share the same fate. The very embraces of the bridegroom and the bride are damped with the reflection that slaves, wretched slaves, are to be the fruit of those embraces. From this horrid state of misery and degradation there is no escaping, so long as

the Debt and Paper-money are suffered to exist; for, while they exist, the Borough-tyranny will also exist in all its force. Must not, then, every man wish to see this baleful paper put an end to? And, is it not *likely*, that *some man*, amongst so many millions, will have zeal enough to do the deed?

It is pretended by some, that the Boroughmongers themselves and their relations and dependents pay their share of the interest of the Debt and of the expences of the standing army and of the sums given away in votes to the Clergy. *Their share!* What would my neighbours think of me, if I were to say to them, here, I have fifty pounds a year interest to pay on a Debt contracted by me for my own purposes, and without any consent of yours; come, you are to contribute, all of you, annually to make up this interest? They would say nothing to me: they would laugh, perhaps: some might think me mad; but, at least, they would think me a most impudent rascal; and, if I attempted to seize their money or goods, they would (unless I could get a body of armed men to assist and defend me) knock my brains out. They would *share* me, with a vengeance. But, our case is a great deal more cruel than that of my neighbours would be: for, in our case, the Debt has been contracted for purposes *injurious* to us: and, moreover, it is not true, that the Boroughmongers *pay their share* of the interest. They do, indeed, *pay*, but, they *receive back* in sinecures, pensions, grants, fees, governorships, law-offices, church-livings, bishopricks, staff

officers, colonelships, and other military offices, commissionerships, collectorships, surveyorships, and so on; they receive back, in this way, *twice as much as they pay*; and, the *whole of the burden* falls upon the part of the nation who *labour* in the various callings of agriculture, manufactures and trade, and who get nothing back through the channel of taxation. Was there ever any thing more unjust than this? Was there ever any thing more insulting to man, though in the most degraded state? And, is it possible, that amongst millions of men, not *one man*, not *half a dozen of men*, should be found to wish most ardently to get rid of this horrible system? And is it not *likely*, then, that the *means* of effecting this will be adopted? Means easy of execution, and *certain* as to their effect?

Nor can there be wanting motives of a higher order; motives such as live, at all times, *born* powerful in the breasts of Englishmen, who, as to feelings of patriotism and humanity have been surpassed by the people of no nation. Every Englishman I meet with in this country, though he sees around him so many things to delight his eye, though he has so much to commend and admire in the country, in the government, in the laws, in the state of the people, always concludes, with a sigh: "Aye, and so would England be a fine country, too; and the finest and happiest country, and most glorious country in the world, if we could but get rid of the usurpation of those infernal Borough-tyrants." This thought is in exist-

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ence in the minds of us all. And, indeed, what a fine and happy country England would be, if delivered from this grinding, this degrading, evil, which is constantly, and in all sorts of ways, working against us, as did the "*accursed thing*" against the Israelites. A Reformed Parliament would, during its first session, find in the Crown-Lands, in the Woods and Forests, in the Debts of notorious Defaulters, in the balances due to the public, in Public *real* Property now unjustly held for private uses: in these alone a Reformed Parliament would find nearly, or quite, enough to defray all the expences of government in time of peace: and for those who would still be *poor*, the helpless and the aged (for hale people would not then be poor) ample provision would be found in the restoration to them of what the Clergy and the Corporations have taken from them; that is to say, in a fourth part of the tithes, and in the produce of the now-abused Charitable foundations, which produce is eaten and drunk at gluttonous feasts, or is pocketed by the self-elected, or Boroughmonger-nominated parties. In many cases these are large landed estates, which were given for the support of aged persons in *Almshouses*. These estates, by a collusion between the trustees and the renters, now produce so little *to the right owners*, that, in some cases, they, *actually living in the Almshouses*, receive parish relief to keep them from starving. I know that this was the case of an Almshouse at Croydon in Surrey; and at that very time, the Almshouse was

the owner of real property, the fair rent of which would have given the old people from 50 to 80 pounds a year each to live on. But this is only *one instance*. The like prevails all over the kingdom! Here, in this one item, is cause sufficient to put a man in motion to endeavour to obtain a Reform of the Parliament, and to use the *only means* of certainly and speedily effecting that mighty purpose. But, what a blessing to get rid of the everlasting torment of excisemen and other spies and persecutors of the taxing race! There are of tax-gatherers, great and small, as many as swallow nearly *five millions a year* for the *trouble of collecting* the taxes! This sum is greater than that which is raised in *all the taxes* in America. What a monstrous thing is this! Here is enough to maintain *one hundred and twenty-five thousand families at forty pounds a family*; and reckoning five persons to a family, here is enough to maintain *six hundred and twenty-five thousand persons*! Is not this monstrous? And yet this waste, this profligate waste, is only a part of the evil. And, when there is an obvious, easy, and effectual way of instantly putting an end to this evil *for ever*, is it not *likely*, I say, that some man will be found to do the deed?

*Law!* What law is there for the labouring classes? What law is there for any that are not rich? The expences of the bare commencement of law-proceedings would ruin any man with only a few hundreds of pounds in his pocket. The laws of England say, that "justice shall always be

"ready for all men, and that it *shall not be denied, delayed, or sold.*" Yet who, without a large sum of money can now get even a *hearing* in a court? A tax must be paid upon every bit of paper; a tax must be paid even upon the paper *on which a man's complaint is made.* He cannot approach a *Judge*, till he has paid many heavy taxes for permission to make the approach. The case of the boy DOGOOD was, by your zeal and activity, made to illustrate this matter fully. He had been oppressed; he had been falsely imprisoned; he had been cruelly treated in prison; he had no money; he petitioned the parliament; the parliament said he must go to the Court of King's Bench; the public accuser, the Attorney General (Garrow) refused to move the Court for him; he went to the Judge (Ellenborough) in his Court; and the Judge would not hear his complaint, unless he came through an *attorney* and a *stamp*: "the boy has *no money*, my Lord," said you. The Judge went away; turned his back upon the injured boy, and left his oppressors to laugh, and to pursue their oppressions! In the reflection on this alone, there is more than enough to induce any man to set a graving tool to work; and when we know, that this case is only one out of hundreds of thousands; when we reflect on the treatment of MELLOR and PILLING; when we reflect on the thousands, whom the subaltern, and especially the Clerical, tools of the great tyrants have crammed into prisons, ironed, and, indeed, killed; when we reflect on the deeds, the nu-

merous deeds, of BOLTON FLETCHER, and consider that he is only one of many such men: when we reflect on these things, is it not *likely*, that some few Englishmen will be found ready and willing and able to employ the easy and effectual means of deliverance and justice?

"And so would *England* be a fine country too"! What a thought! What a mortification, to think that England is *no longer* the seat of freedom, of law, and of justice! Here, in this country, no obstacle does an *alien* meet with. No spy dogs his footsteps. No one can call him to shew a passport or tell his name. No licence does he want to reside. No bounds are fixed to his residence. He comes, places himself under the safeguard of the laws, stays as long as he pleases, and when he pleases goes away. Every thing human that sets its foot on this soil, from that moment is free and secure. Thus was it once in England! But, alas! since the borough-bank has come to the support of the borough-tyrants, in England it is thus no longer. England is now a trap to catch and give up the unhappy oppressed, who may escape from the fangs of the European despots. The taxes extorted from Englishmen are, in part, employed to support spies, jailors, and hangmen for the tyrants of the Continent; and England, so famed for her freedom and humanity, has her name now subscribed to a league against human liberty and human nature. How soon would all this be changed by a Reformed Parliament! How soon would that Parliament send

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its declaration against tyranny to ring in the ears of the Continental tyrants! How soon would the world learn, that England scorned to hold alliance or friendship or intercourse with perfidious oppressors, who set the laws of God and of nature at defiance! What a glorious day would that be; for, on the power of the Boroughmongers rests that of all the tyrants in Europe; who hold of our tyrants even the very breath in their nostrils! And, is it, then, not *likely*, that there may be found some few Englishmen ready to use the easy and speedy means of effecting the destruction of this phalanx of cruel and insolent despots?

The borough-tyrants have expressed their *alarm* at the *change* in the *character* of the people; that is to say, in the extent of the people's understanding as to public men and public matters. There is, indeed, a great *change* in this respect; and, happy I am to think, that it is an *alarming* change with regard to the tyrants. Yes, no more *parties*; no more cry of *Whig* or *Tory*; no more cry for *Pittite* or *Foxite*: all gone: all upon a level: they can cheat the people no longer! Shocking change in their *character*! No more cry against *ministers*: no more bawling for *opposition*: no more complaints about the influence of the advisers of the *Crown*: no more stupid talk about an *influence behind the Throne*: no calling for *changes of ministry*. All are now lumped together, and considered as one consolidated mass of corruption, fraud, and cruelty. Shocking *change* in the people's

character! And, this, too, in spite of all the *schools*, daily, weekly and yearly; working-day and sabbath-day; day-light and candle-light; Lancastrian and National; ink-writing, pencil-writing, and sand-writing. In spite of all the little books and tracts. In spite of Bible-Societies with prayer-books and Bible-Societies without prayer-books. In spite of the judicial astrology of Moore's Almanack, always revised by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In spite of all the subscriptions of all the Pensioned Lords and Pensioned Ladies and Pensioned Masters and Pensioned Misses. In spite of eleven thousand Parish Parsons, two populous Universities of crafty, old teachers and of very willing and docile pupils, pouring forth annually some hundreds of Deceivers to pitch upon the public plunder, fresh and fasting. Yes; in spite of all these, and of a press more false and corrupt than was ever before thought of, incessantly labouring to delude and deceive. In spite of sham debates and sham divisions and sham pleadings and sham charges and shams of all sorts that would make all the rest of the world believe the parties were in earnest: in spite even of the BANKSES and WILBERFORCES, whom one would think, capable of defying the scrutiny of any thing short of omniscience: in spite of all these, "the *character* of the people is *changed*." The education-schemes have all failed of their sole object; namely, that of *keeping the people in ignorance* by drawing their attention to little insignificant tales, and by

putting constantly before them publications in praise of the several parts of the complicate tyranny by which they are oppressed. One great topic, in all these school-books is, *content*. The people are taught to be *content*; to regard ragged backs and hungry bellies as the work of *Providence*; as their *lot*; as "that state of life, in which it has *pleased God* to place them;" to regard these ragged backs and hungry bellies as things intended by Providence to try their faith, to prepare them for a better state; and to be *content*, not to *murmur* by any means; for that, even if they should be starved to death, they ought to have the stronger assurance that they will enjoy glory in a future state, when, perhaps, those who now live in luxury on their labour, may be howling in torment. But, the people do not, any longer suck this down. They do not, now-a-days, perceive, *why* a man's family should be miserable; why the innocent child should be starved half to death, in order to insure the father's favour with God. They, when they look around them, see that Providence has been most benevolent in its gifts to man. They see an abundance given to eat and drink. They know that God has ordained that man shall live by food; and not by *bread alone*, but by all the fruits of the earth. It is only the Devil that they hear inculcating the use of bread alone. They know that it is God's command that people shall increase and multiply. The scripture tells them that the

labourer is worthy of his hire; that man shall live by the sweat of *his* brow (and *not* of another's); and that even the ox is not to be muzzled while he is at work amongst abundance of food. The BISHOP OF LANDAFF tells them that the bark of trees is very good to eat; Mr. CURWEN gives them a hint to seek for "*nutritious food* in the dung of cavalry horses;" Mr. SALISBURY, the botanist, discovers for them a hundred and fifty sorts of grasses, plants and roots, never before used as food, but which afford good food, and also the means of making portions of exhilarating and wholesome drink! All in vain! "No, thank you, Sirs. We are quite satisfied with the bread, meat and beer *that we earn*, if you will but *let us* have it." And, with regard to the *blessedness* of ragged backs and empty bellies, and the great efficacy of these in promoting happiness in a future state, they look at the big-wigged, long robed, rosy-gilled persons who preach up this doctrine, who can hardly see out of their eyes, or utter their words, for fat, and who are much more likely to burst than to starve. "What!" say the people, "is to become of these ghostly persons and of their wives and families, if ragged backs and hungry bellies are to be the titles to everlasting happiness?" In short, they see the cheat. So that Mr. BROUGHAM may cease his big talk about "the Education of the Poor," which, I see, he is every now and then reviving in what the superlative

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hypocrite, PERRY, calls "THE GREAT COUNCIL OF THE NATION." Mr. Brougham had better educate himself and his associates, I believe. They are a pretty set to talk about the *ignorance* of the people; a pretty set, truly, to talk about *enlightening* others; they, who have, at the end of twenty-eight years of *successful* war and intrigues against democratic principles, now acknowledged and proclaimed that they have a greater dread of those principles than ever. They who have been at work *mending the morals* of the nation for the same twenty-eight years, and who now hang and transport *twenty* for every *one* that they hanged and transported before. They whose great object, for twenty-eight years, has been to prevent Reform, and who now see, that they can keep it off from day to day only by the bayonet and the gibbet. They, who have on their rolls, reports of *augmented* population as *proofs*, incontestible proofs, of increasing national prosperity and of good government, and who have now reports to say, that an augmented population is an *evil* and a cause of national misery and weakness. They, who, in short, have hatched the means of their own destruction, their own certain destruction, by the very acts which they did with a view of perpetuating their ill-gotten and wickedly exercised power.

It is the grossest of all insults to the people for such a set to talk of *educating* the people. The people are stung, not by the insult, for we

cannot be stung by what we despise; but, they are stung at the thought of seeing the affairs, the great affairs of their country in such despicable hands. That talent which now enlivens every part of the people, in every part of the country, rises in involuntary indignation at seeing the character and destinies of England in the hands of such a doltish, such a besotted crew. There is not a city, a town, and hardly a village, which does not contain several men, each of whom feels himself (and rightly feels) more worthy to be entrusted with power than any of these men. Look at Lord Liverpool, look at Sidmouth, look at Castlereagh, look at Bragge Bathurst, look at Harrowby, look at old Montrose, look at any of them; and *hear* them, then! Only hear them for five minutes, hacking, stammering, repeating, gabbling, thumping the table and laying vehement accents upon poor articles and conjunctions! Only *hear* them, and if you can then think, that there are no score of men in the kingdom who are *likely* to use the easy, expeditious and *certain* means of puffing an end for ever to this disgraceful gabble, I shall, indeed, begin to despair.

Such are my reasons for believing, that the PUFF-OUT is not only *feasible*, but *likely* to take place; and, therefore, according to the opinion, expressed at the out-set of my letter, it is, even now, time for the Borough-tyrants and the fools of the funds to begin to calculate as to what is to become of them. As to the former,

they have only one rational course to pursue; and, this is, to yield at once, and in haste, their usurped power. It is very late, to be sure, and they have a *bill of indemnity* hanging dangling at their button-holes. They are not "*the Lower Orders*," but the "*indemnified Orders*." However, I care very little what they do. They have not the power to add to their tyranny I am aware, that if hard pressed, they would, rather than see a Reform, sell the country to any foreign power that would keep them safe in possession of their plunder. But they can find *no chapman*. There is no one, either Turk or Russian or Algerine that would venture upon the purchase, and if he were to do it we should not let him take possession. I think, that they will try to make their tools in Threadneedle Street, get together a great parcel of gold. I have proved that that cannot be done without great fresh issues of paper. But, they may prefer this, and its consequent depreciation, to being without a *revenue of gold*, to be *ready in case of emergency*. What, however, would this do for them? It would be of no use, unless issued in exchange for notes; and, that would not last more than two days. Would they take it all out of the Bank, and scramble for it *amongst themselves*? This is what they are very able at, and have been for many and many a long year.

But, do they think, then, that they could, with this gold, bribe people to let them continue to swagger and talk nonsense? In short, turn the thing about how you will, you see, that they would have no resource.

As to the Fools of the Funds, they will probably stare a little; but, they are in general, so far out of the way of all reason and knowledge, that they will remain pretty much what they are to the end. They are bound to the system by *interest*, and which interest binds them to every thing else. They think, that the *comforts* of their *quiet fire-sides* depend on the power of the Boroughmongers, whom they call by the name of *government*, and they would skin you and me and wear our skins in gloves over their delicate arms, or in pocket-books to carry their *indemnified paper* in. When one reflects on the miseries occasioned by the system, which a great part of them voluntarily uphold, one can feel very little anxiety about them.

At any rate, I, for my part, shall owe them no pity. I have been, for years, giving them full information as to their danger. They rely upon tyranny, for support: let them stand or fall with that tyranny.

In no fear as to the rectitude of your conduct, but always in anxiety for your health, I remain, with kindest remembrances to all belonging to you,

Your faithful friend,

And most obedient Servant,

WM. CORBETT.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

Printed by W. MOLINEUX, 5, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, for W. JACKSON,  
34, Wardour Street, Soho.